

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CONNECTICUT BAPTIST CONVENTION.

WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES.

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CHRISTIAN SECRETARY ASSOCIATION

AND
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From the Baptist Tract Magazine.

CIRCULAR.

TO THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION IN THE
UNITED STATES.

The object of this appeal to American Baptists, in behalf of the General Tract Society, is to give attention to its wants, and solicit needed assistance. We cannot look back to the origin of this institution and trace its progress from the first small beginning in Washington city, seven years ago, up to its present state of increase and usefulness, without finding much in the beneficial results to call forth our gratitude to God, and excite us to still greater efforts to sustain and enlarge its operations. The society owes its origin to no party feelings, or improper sectarian zeal, but to a sincere desire to do good, connected with a conviction of the necessity of this instrumentality, arising chiefly from the wants of our denomination. The same reasons that rendered its establishment necessary, still exist, and can now be urged with accumulated force in favor of its continuance and enlargement. Our numerous destitute churches, the many waste places in our new settlements, the peculiar circumstances of the denomination, the errors that extensively prevail, the want of union, of vital piety, of suitable missionary effort, of apostolic zeal, and devotedness—all these, with many other exigencies loudly proclaim the necessity of an institution which shall direct its aims specially to the spiritual interests of our own people.

Besides these considerations, there are others which call for the existence of a society whose operations shall be conducted with reference to the characteristic sentiments of the denomination, as well as its wants.

We are all impressed with a conviction from which we cannot escape, that we are the only denomination of Christians in the land, which maintains the ordinances of the New Testament, as they were delivered to the primitive church. As we do in our hearts believe, that our brethren of other denominations are in error, on this point, we feel ourselves obliged, as we would preserve our consciences void of offence towards our sovereign Lord to use our endeavors, at least so far as a candid and accessible statement of the reasons of our belief can go, to bring them to the knowledge and acknowledgement of the truth. Truth on this subject, as on every other, must be brought into collision with error, before she can achieve her conquests; and, as almost the only access we have to the minds and consciences of our brethren is through the medium of the press, we feel that it is a service required of us to the cause of truth, to publish and circulate, in the light and diffusive form of the tract, and in the spirit of meekness, our reasons for believing them in error, our justification of our dissent from them, and our admonitions to their relinquishment of a practice which has constrained us to decline their ecclesiastical fellowship."

Such being the Society's object, aiming as it does to disseminate divine truth, to send the bread of life to the destitute, to enlighten the ignorant, to reform the vicious, to strengthen the weak, to confirm the wavering, and to arouse all to holy effort, it surely has a just claim to the kind regards and generous co-operation of every Baptist in the United States. And this claim is enforced by the fact, that God has placed upon the society the broad seal of his approbation. He has guided its measures, increased its means, and blessed its publications. Whenever our tracts have gone, they have gained to themselves friends. Wherever they have been received and read, they have exerted a most salutary influence, and in various ways proved a rich blessing to churches and individuals.

The advantages that may be expected to result from the enlarged operations of the Society, are so many, and so great, that when duly weighed, it is to be hoped they will have a powerful influence on the mind of every member of our churches. It must be allowed, that the distribution of religious tracts is likely to do good. "Is not divine truth the grand instrument which God employs for the conversion of sinners, and for the edification and comfort of saints; till they come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ? All the wonders of faith, holiness, and patience, which Christians have displayed, have been wrought by the influence of truth upon the soul. In the promulgation of truth by preaching, which was God's first way of making the gospel known, there are assuredly some peculiar advantages. But

in doing it by writing, there are advantages also; and it has this recommendation, that it is God's chief way of making himself known to the human race from age to age, and of presenting truth to the minds of men from day to day, in every land where the revelation of his will is known." "Paul wrote often, and much, and precious, and said, "When this epistle is read among you cause it to be read in the churches of the Laodiceans, and that ye also read the epistle from Laodicea." "Peter also pursued the same happy course, that his brethren, and we also, as it is in this day," "might be able to have these things always in remembrance." "Are there not thousands, now in glory, whose first impressions of religion, as well as their following improvement, were made by reading? What is a religious tract, but a select portion of divine truth, designed and adapted to make the reader wise unto salvation?"

Tracts, embodying those doctrines, and maintaining those practices, which constitute the faith and order of Baptist Churches, are wanted not only for the destitute, but also for the more favoured churches, and for individuals of every grade, character and circumstance. It has been an idea prevalent that tracts were only designed for waste places, or for the profane and ungodly; but surely they are also much required by the christian, and through the divine influences of the Holy Spirit, they are happily adapted to promote self-examination—purity of walk and conversation—growth in grace—a spirit of active benevolence—and preparation for heaven.

In connexion with these remarks relative to the necessity and aims of the Baptist General Tract Society, we shall now present a brief statement of its concerns.

When the successor of the late Agent entered upon the duties of his office, at the commencement of the present year, the society was nearly two thousand dollars in debt, principally for paper. Several numbers of the series of tracts were entirely exhausted, and of many others there were but few copies remaining, while the issuing of monthly tracts had fallen three months in arrear. In addition to these embarrassments, another obstacle in the way of discharging our debts was found to exist.—The reduced prices of the publication of the American Tract Society had operated during the preceding year, greatly to our disadvantage. And in order to remedy the evil, the Board of Directors found it necessary to reduce the price of our tracts, so as to place our Society on an equal footing with the other in this respect. This measure was adopted in March last; and in consequence of it, we have been obliged to employ an additional press, and to stereotype 226 pages of covers, which, with the work of issuing our regular series, and that of printing several new editions of exhausted numbers, has somewhat increased the original debt.

Since the commencement of the year, six new Depositories have been established, and orders for tracts executed to the amount of about two thousand dollars. We have now a good supply of tracts on hand, and the demand for our publications is constantly increasing. But this demand cannot be supplied, unless our friends will give us the necessary pecuniary means.—The receipts of the Society, though they have exceeded those of the past year during the same period, have not been adequate to the current and necessary expenses. During a part of the time, four travelling agents have been employed by the society, whose labours in the main have been attended with gratifying success, though they have added in the aggregate but little to our funds.

We mention these particulars that the public may know the precise state and aspect of our affairs, and be able to estimate the exact dimensions of our wants.

The Society is owing two thousand dollars for paper and printing, which must be paid before the close of the current year, or our operations must be greatly restricted, if they do not entirely cease. Aside from this pecuniary embarrassment, the Society's prospects for usefulness were never brighter, and more encouraging than at present. And will the friends of the Redeemer suffer these fair prospects of usefulness to be blighted and all the energies of the society to be paralyzed for want of means? The time has come when in the providence of God more liberality and zeal in this cause are required. The pecuniary embarrassments of the Society call for immediate relief. Its wants are pressing and urgent. It solicits pecuniary assistance of every Baptist in the country.—Will not those then who understand this necessity, and have the ability, send us reasonable relief? If 20 individuals would each enclose a \$100 note, or a draft to that amount, in a letter, and send it to the Agent by mail, it would free the society from debt and infuse new energy into all its operations. It would be an instance of liberality honorable to the denomination—and by no means disproportionate to the importance of the object, or the necessities of the case. Brethren, consider your obligations to Christ, the luxury of benevolence, the importance of your Tract Society, the urgent nature of its wants, and the value of souls to whom God can make the tracts an endless blessing.

On behalf of the Society,
I. M. ALLEN, Gen. Agent.

Faults of the head are punished in this world, of the heart in another; but as most of our vices are compound, so also is their punishment.—Lacon.

From the Episcopal Watchman.

REMARKS OF A PHYSICIAN.

NO. I.

Such is the irresistible control of fashion, that scarcely a single individual can be found among the almost innumerable multitude who acknowledge its dominion, who possess sufficient firmness and fortitude, to withhold obedience from any one of its mandates, whether any real benefit is to be derived from such obedience or not. Indeed it never becomes a question with those who enlist themselves under the banners of this tyrannical mistress, whether she is to confer on them any favors which may seem to compensate in some measure, for the devotion which they pay to her, and the sufferings which they endure in her service. The only inquiry that is ever made by the votaries of fashion, is, what new demand does their mistress make for their service, and what new act of obedience are they required to perform. No question is ever asked respecting the propriety or utility of any practice that comes to them under the recommendation of the reigning fashion; and no regard is paid to the expense of time and money, which may attend the adoption of such practice, nor to the effects which may result from it. Whatever the expense may be, and however inadequate the means may be, to defray it; and whatever may be, not only the consequent pecuniary distress, but also the injury to health, the demands of fashion must nevertheless be complied with. No situation in life so low, and no state of poverty so depressing, unless it render those on whom it preys entirely helpless, as to be secure from the influence of fashion. The wife of the mechanician, or the day-laborer, whose earnings are barely sufficient to supply the necessary wants of the family, and to afford the means of useful instruction to their children, will deprive her family of the real comforts and blessings of life, that she and her daughters may be enabled to comply with all the demands of fashion. Instead of placing her daughter in a situation where her mind, as well as her morals, would be duly cultivated, which would afford her the most effectual security against the vices and allurements of an ensnaring and wicked world; the inconsiderate mother seems to care for nothing but to have her appear like those who are considered fashionable; and to accomplish this important object no pains or expense are too great. Hence it is, that at the present day, woman exhibits so little of that proper and useful culture, which is indispensably necessary to qualify her for the important station in society, which she was destined to occupy. Hence it is, that she is so feebly protected against the snares and temptations which beset her at every step through life, and so readily yields to their destructive power.

But, although I am confident that these effects are to be attributed chiefly to the cause that has been assigned; yet I am compelled to believe, that they are owing, in some measure, to a want of due regard for those moral and intellectual qualities, which constitute the highest, and indeed the only excellence to which woman ought to aspire. For I cannot otherwise account for that devotion to fashion which is universally manifested by those females who have not wholly renounced their fondness for worldly pursuits. But whatever the exact truth may be on this point, the fact is undeniably certain, that there has never been a time in this country, when fashion, with its almost endless train of ridiculous trifles and follies, has reigned with such impious sway, as at the present, especially in our cities; and there is reason to believe, that this is owing in part, to a want of that quick perception of decorum in dress, and of propriety in behaviour, which is an inseparable attendance on that strict regard for the principles of virtue and morality, which constitute the most valuable trait in the female character.

Far be it from me to suppose, that every observance of fashion with respect to dress and behaviour, must inflict an indelible stain upon the female character, or that women are deserving of censure for not manifesting such a degree of perfection, as it cannot be expected that mortals will ever attain to; but while I am disposed to allow them full credit for all those qualities and accomplishments which give them a just claim to our respect and admiration. I must at the same time declare, that they are manifesting too great a fondness for those practices which a vitiated taste, and licentious manners have introduced; and unless it is guarded against with the utmost vigilance, it will produce consequences which they would now tremble to think of. I consider it the duty, therefore, of every one who is desirous to see the female character free from every appearance of blemish, and exalted to the highest excellence to which it is capable of attaining, to contribute his aid towards the accomplishment of so important an object.

With this view, I have undertaken to make some remarks on one of the practices which modern fashion has introduced, and which is probably exerting a more extensive and more pernicious influence than any other.

REPUSING IN HOPE.

By the late Arthur Young, Esq., F. R. S.

There is but one principle that ought to govern mankind; to think, speak, and act, in such a manner as will please God; and to avoid all that will offend him: not the supreme Being, the great First Cause of modern philosophers, but the God of Revelation. O, my young friends, let me with truth assure you that though I have experienced some highly flattering, and partaken

of many brilliant scenes, yet would I not exchange the consolation and hope which Christianity gives me, while blind, and quickly descending to the grave, for the most pleasing moments of my former life, with rejuvination to enjoy them.

The tranquility of a mind gradually reposing in the clearest hope of a better world is an enjoyment that cannot be purchased at too dear a rate. It is not easy sufficiently to value the peaceful close of a busy life, provided that repose is founded on the bright views of Christian hope looking beyond the grave: the mist of doubts and perplexities dissipated in the meridian splendor of Gospel truth; the storms of life softening into silence; the delirium of pleasure and the dreams of dissipation fled, and the soul resigned to the dictates of reason; the wounds of conscience cured by the balm of eternal love; the heart, lacerated by the loss of those once so dear to us, in full expectation of a reunion never more to be broken; every angry passion hushed into peace; the evils of life sunk in resignation to the divine will; the fervent desires of the renovated heart approaching the verge of never-ending enjoyment; and the whole soul reposing on the bosom of a Saviour's love. These are the privileges of a real Christian.

PLACE AND MODE OF BAPTISM.

We take the annexed article from the last No. of the Christian Observer, one of the oldest and most respectable Religious Periodicals, in the world. It is pro-baptist. W. S. C. is, we presume, a clergyman of the established church. We think it would be difficult to give a satisfactory reason for the departure from the Prayer-book mentioned in the last paragraph, and still more difficult to furnish one either for dipping or sprinkling infants.—*Cir. Index.*

Your correspondent *Dubitanus*, requests counsel respecting his anxieties with regard to the proper place—whether the church, the private chamber, &c.—for the performance of the solemn ordinance of Baptism. I would call his attention to one or two circumstances, which I think will prove to his satisfaction, as they have done to mine, that the place is immaterial.—John baptised in Jordan; the disciples of our Lord in Eion; Philip, in "a certain water."—The Philippian jailor seems to have been baptised in the night; and as there is no mention of his going into any river, or elsewhere, we may suppose that there were circumstances about the prison proper for the administration. However that might have been, these cases show plainly that the place was not material, and I think ought to satisfy the doubts of your correspondent.

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In regard to any particular passage; What idea did the original writer mean to convey? When this is ascertained by the legitimate rule of interpretation, it is authoritative; this is *orthodoxy* in the highest and best sense of the word; and every thing which is opposed to it, which modifies it, which fritters its meaning away, is *heterodoxy*; to whatever name or party it is attached.—*Prof. Stuart.*

WHAT IS THE USE OF IT?

This is a question in every man's mouth, but it would be well for the community were it often put. How many hours of pains-taking would it save us? How many vexations? how many disappointments? Hundreds of men plunge into difficulties headlong, without even putting the question the solution of which can do no good. The grammarian Dydimus, wrote 4000 books, in which he seeks to discover where Homer was born, who was *Enæas's* true mother, and whether *Anacreon* was a greater drunkard or debauchee. Critics puzzle their brains to know how many oars *Ulysses* had, or which was written first, the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*.

What is the use of it? When a man vexes himself with trifles, and is in a tempest of passion for nothing? A bad cup of tea will deprive some men of a whole night's sleep. A single inattention may make a man or a woman unhappy for a week. Every body has heard the story of the lady who drowned herself because her gallant said "How d'ye do?" instead of saying "How do you do?" Thus some men are perpetually working themselves into a fever because they think they are neglected, or slighted. One man prides himself on being neat, and a speck of dirt would shock his sensibility, perhaps into fits. Another, in saying a little thing in a fine way, and a vulgar word let slip would shock him to the heart's core. Some are perpetually canting about words, and will put short sentences together like masses of granite in a Doric church. Others are of the Corinthian order—pretty—bee-like, wandering hither and thither, sipping from every flower a little honey from their cell. Thousands of volumes have been written about substantial forms, vegetable souls, intentional species, &c. &c. Some men lavish a life on such trifleries. They use words as gladiators do swords—to fight with; not to talk and to be understood with. We have always been amused with *Bion's* dilemma, who proved all men sacrilegious, and at the same time proved there was no such thing as sacrifice. "He who takes to himself (says he) what belongs to God, commits sacrifice—grant it; but all things belong to God—grant it—well then, he who applies any thing to his own use, commits sacrifice." Now to prove the riding of a temple no sacrifice, he argues, that it is only "the taking of something out of one place that belongs to God, and removing it to another that belongs to Him also." A very ingenious sophism, but what is the use of it?—*Port. Ado.*

PROSPECTS OF ENGLAND.

What the destinies of this great nation are to be, is a question which it is becoming more and more difficult to answer, and which, if we do not greatly mistake, their boldest minds cannot now agitate without being themselves agitated. One thing, however, we regard as certain: that in the progress of opinion, and amidst the bold steps which are taking towards reform, as it respects political and religious liberty, their cumbersome religious establishment must fall, and the event only can determine whether the throne may not be buried amidst its ruins. It is well known, that the number of Dissenters is rapidly on the increase; that their influence is felt more and more in all the departments of society, and that they are awakening to the injustice of being enormously taxed for the support of an ecclesiastical establishment with which they cannot conscientiously be connected; and especially as this establishment is maintained by grinding the face of suffering thousands, whose cry is continually going up to heaven. As the sons of those who fled from ecclesiastical oppression in a much more appalling form, it were to be expected that our sympathies should be with the Dissenters; though we earnestly hope, if God will, that the change which we foresee in the ecclesiastical state of England, may be brought about without a violent national convulsion.—*Chr. Spectator.*

A Christian man ought to be composed and prepared, as to reflect that he has to do with God every moment of his life. Thus, as he will measure all his actions by his will and determination, so he will refer the whole bias of his mind religiously to him. For he who has learned to regard God in every undertaking, is also raised above every vain imagination. This is that denial of ourselves, which Christ, from the commencement of his ministry, so diligently enjoins on his disciples; which, when it has once obtained the government of the heart, leaves room neither for pride, haughtiness, or ostentation, nor for avarice, libidinosity, luxury, effeminacy, or any other evils which are the offspring of self-love.—*Calvin.*

Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word, (by whom light, as well as immortality was brought into the world) which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and amplified

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PROTESTANTISM IN IRELAND.

The following extract is from the pen of an American clergyman, while on his travels in England and Ireland, who has favoured the Editor of the *Southern Religious Intelligencer* with a series of interesting communications.

The Tythe System, however—that is, the support of the Established Church, is more loudly complained of than any thing else. Many of her own members, both ministers and laymen, are aware of abuses here, and they desire reform, but reform they fear will be destruction. I cannot give you all the facts on this subject, but that the many are taxed for the few is very plain. The population of Ireland is at least Eight Millions, of whom, it is supposed, that from six to seven millions are Catholics. Some are of opinion, that all the Protestants, of all sects, do not exceed a million. Others say a million and a half. Others two millions. An estimate which seemed to rest on plausible data, divides the population into fourteen parts, and gives one-fourteenth to the Episcopalian, another fourteenth to the Presbyterians and other dissenters, and the remaining twelve-fourteenths to the Catholics. This would make the Episcopalian amount to 575,000. You may reckon them at one million. The religious teachers of this one million number about 1,300, receive a tenth of the produce raised by the whole eight millions. The actual sum absorbed by this establishment is supposed to be about £1,426,000 sterling, or \$6,330,000, yearly. In addition to this, seven-eights, or some think, thirteen-fourteenths of the population are building churches and supporting teachers for themselves.

It would require much more time and patience than I can command at present, to give you all the bearings of this subject. But you can see at once, I think, that the church establishment must be a serious burden to such a country as Ireland; especially when the great majority of the people will not accept their religious instruction from that church, though they pay for it, but are voluntarily supporting an independent establishment of their own.

I have spoken of the tythe system as a cause of poverty to the state. It is more in accordance with my object in these communications to speak of it as a source of injury to the church.

In 1766, the protestants in Ireland amounted to nearly one half the population. In 1822, they were only one-seventh. Within those 60 years, while the Catholics had more than quadrupled, the Protestants had not doubled their number. The following is said to be from Parliamentary returns:

A. D. 1700.	A. D. 1822.
Protestants, 514,855	980,000
Catholics, 1,326,960	6,820,000
1,871,725	6,820,000

Truth is mighty, we say. *Magna est veritas.* Why then has it not prevailed in Ireland? Because, I may venture to say, that Protestants there, as in the rest of the world, until these few years, have been asleep. But I will add, that now, when they are awaking out of sleep, and beginning to labour, this tythe system, and other unscriptural arrangements and abuses are in the way. The Catholic considers himself most unrighteously called upon, and often he is very offensively compelled, to pay a tythe of the produce of his farm for the support of a man, who, as he believes at present, is teaching "damnable heresies." How could that Catholic be converted by him? Allow that he saw his own religion to be an absurdity—a ruinous delusion; would he be likely to feel a predilection for the religion of that minister whose tythe proctor had so long been picking his pocket? Worldly men are apt to suspect that ministers preach to live; and the man will hardly fail of being tempted to believe that, as to his protestant minister, there is no doubt. He has proof, and that proof he feels in his annually diminished income, perhaps in his gradual descent to poverty. He may renounce property, notwithstanding, but he is more likely to continue under the convenient shelter of its forms, and instead of embracing the faith of a protestant, to become, in his heart, an Infidel.

A day or two before I passed through the County of Kilkenny, 20 sheep had been distrained for tythe, which their owner refused to pay. They were canted, i. e. put up to auction, but none would buy. They were driven to Dublin, but the Catholics were before them, and there none would buy.

They were shipped to Liverpool, and finally sold for 5s. instead of 35s. a head, which was their value when seized. Here the tythe was collected indeed, but a whole community of papists, under whose eye the transaction passed were sealed up to poverty forever. "Our religion may be bad, they would say, but that man's religion is worse."

From Kilkenny to Dublin, we had on the coach, P. — L. — Esq. a man of property, and a leading Catholic in the county. He, as many of late are doing, had determined, that voluntarily he would pay tythes no longer. Some of his cattle were driven to the pound, and sold for the following debt and charges, as exhibited in a newspaper.

Tythe,	£7 17s 9d.
Drivers with blunderbusses	2s. 4d.
Pound keepers,	1d.
Linen, Linen, Process sorcer,	5s. 0d.
and Auctioneer,	5s. 0d.
To release from Pound,	5s. 0d.

Total, £8 11s. 0d.—\$33.

After the sale, the populace had him on their shoulders immediately, with loud cheers. The magistrates interfered, and seized Mr. L. as the instigator of a riot, and now, full of wrath, he was going to Dublin for legal redress.

I say nothing in regard to the debt. I only allude to the effects of its exaction. The rector did certainly obtain his tythe, but as certainly had he, in obtaining it, "made his religion to stink, among the inhabitants of the land." Who could even hope for their conversion whilst the memory of this transaction should remain? What catholic in that county, would not nauseate the most distant thought of forsaking his persecuted brethren and embracing the religion

of this Rector? These are the things which have quadrupled popery in Ireland. I have no doubt, that in this instance, the parish minister in question, did more to injure the interests of his church, than in his whole life he can do to promote them. It is but just to say, that in other countries where there are no tythes, there is sometimes seen this same unhappy anxiety about the salary, and similar unhappy results always follow its discovery. A minister must not be greedy of filthy lucre; nor indeed may he spend many thoughts about his temporal support. The Lord knoweth what things he hath need of, and so do his people; and if, through anxiety for their good, the salary should be lost sight of by him, there is the less probability that it will be forgotten by them. But at all events, the rule of Paul, in such cases, would be "to give no offence, that the ministry be not blamed;" and it is quite certain, that rather than prove himself the minister of an establishment, by such an offensive exactation of tythes, he would have "approved himself a minister of Christ, by the patient endurance of afflictions, necessities, fastings, imprisonment." Not as rich making others poor, but as poor, making many rich.

For the Christian Secretary.
"BE NOT AFRAID OF THEIR FACES."

Is not this language addressed to an ancient prophet, too little heeded by many christian professors of the present day? A man-fearing spirit, and time-serving policy is too prevalent in this age of marvellous light and mercy. The special displays of God's power and love in these latter ends of the earth, doubtless ought to enforce the exhortation, upon ministers and other Christians, to "be strong" and quit themselves like men. But there is too frequently a reluctance in commanding the word of God to every man's conscience. A reluctance in stating the particular and prevailing sins of a congregation so perspicuously and definitely, that the statement cannot be misapplied, too often exists. This sentiment being happily expressed by a worthy author, on the "Christian ministry," I give his own words, which are worthy the serious consideration of every minister of the everlasting Gospel.

Subjects uncongenial to the taste and habits of influential men in our congregations, are passed by, or held back from their just and offensive prominence, or touched with the tenderest scrupulosity, or expanded with wide and undefined generalities, so that the sermons, like letters placed in the post office without a direction, are addressed to no one—no one owns them—no one feels any personal interest in their contents. A minister under this deteriorating influence will be chiefly exercised in general truths, devoid of particular application—more in what is pleasing, than what is direct and useful. Many other subjects may be equally necessary, or, indeed, more important, but these are more conciliating. There is thus a continual conflict between conscience and the world—I ought to speak for conscience sake, but I dare not speak for fear of the world. The offensive truth must be smoothed, disguised and intermixed until it is attenuated into an *insipid, pointless and ineffectual statement.* The spirit of cold refinement which gives occasion to this compromising administration, is one of the most baneful hindrances to the efficacy of our work. Whether in or out of the church, it is the real spirit of the world. It will tolerate, and even approve a modified system of evangelical truth, while the entire and unflinching presentation of the Gospel, in its native simplicity and spirituality, is unacceptable."

How emphatically true is the above remark. The offensive truth must be smoothed, disguised, and intermixed, until it is attenuated into an *insipid, pointless and ineffectual statement.* The spirit of cold refinement which gives occasion to this compromising administration, is one of the most baneful hindrances to the efficacy of our work. Whether in or out of the church, it is the real spirit of the world. It will tolerate, and even approve a modified system of evangelical truth, while the entire and unflinching presentation of the Gospel, in its native simplicity and spirituality, is unacceptable."

The rich grace of God singled out some of the boldest of his foes for its trophies. A young man who frequently spent his sabbaths in the gambling-room—whose mouth was continually filled with oaths and curses—who went to the house of God only to sport with its devotions, and point the finger of derision at the saints, attended the meeting on Tuesday evening, with the impious design of obtaining food to pamper the unshallow appetites of his heart. Said he, "my prejudices were highly excited against the address of the servants of God were well calculated to produce conviction in the sinner's heart, and convince him of the *justice* of God in condemning sin; while the wounded soul was directed to the healing streams of Calvary.

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For the Christian Secretary.

Williamantic, Aug. 29, 1831.

Dear Br. Canfield:—

Agreeably to your solicitation, and for the information of the brethren who attended the late meeting at this place, I proceed to give a concise account of what God hath wrought for us, through the instrumentality of the labors of his servants. Within a few weeks previous to this meeting, six persons, four of them members of the sabbath school, obtained hope that thro' Christ their sins were forgiven. There was an unusual solemnity apparent in many countenances, as well as a listening attention to the preaching of the word. What was still more encouraging, the members of the church, in great harmony with each other, were supplicating with ardent cries, salvation for perishing sinners; the burden of every petition was, save, or they perish; the spirit with which they were imbued, continually breathed, O Lord, "we cannot let thee go except thou bless us."

At the very commencement of the meeting, the prayers and labors of God's servants began to pierce the cloud of blessings which were hovering over us. On Wednesday, six persons were willing to be known as enquirers after salvation. Thursday evening, many rose in different parts of a crowded assembly, practically saying, pray for us. At the meeting on Friday evening, those who were asking what they should do to be saved, were requested to repair to a room near the meeting-house, for conversation and prayer. The room, was soon filled with those in the morning of life, whose falling tears, or half suppressed sighs and groans spoke plainly the anguish of their hearts; some, too, just beginning to lisp the song of redeeming mercy, accompanied with invitations to their mourning companions to believe in that Saviour in whom they were rejoicing. On Saturday and Lord's day evenings, we were favored with the assistance of brother Mallory, in preaching the word, conversing and praying with enquirers, and in instructing and encouraging the converts. About forty attended the enquiry meeting each evening. These meetings are continued to the present time, and with equal interest. As near as I can ascertain, there are twenty-three who have indulged hopes, since the commencement of the meeting; and many remain deeply solicitous about their eternal salvation.

The brethren who attended the meeting, and to whom I feel under many obligations, were, D. Wildman, G. Phippen, J. M. Hunt, E. Brown, G. F. Davis, J. Cookson, N. Wildman, S. S. Mallory, P. Brocket, R. Jennings, N. E. Shaylor, G. B. Atwell, G. Robins, E. Doty, W. Hodge, C. Tilden, D. Bonnet, J. L. Moore, and W. Chaffee. The order and number of the exercises during the protracted meeting, were, prayer meeting in the morning at 5, and at 8; preaching at 10, two sermons in succession; prayer meeting again at 1. P. M.; preaching at 2, two sermons, and one sermon in the evening.

The preceding communication will be read with interest by our patrons generally. Christians do and must rejoice, when they have evidence of the conversion of sinners; if there is joy over one sinner that repeats, surely there must be great joy when many become interested in the great salvation. We have one other communication from our friend H. E. Taylor, which will appear next week. Others are received, which will meet due attention.

The addresses of the servants of God were well calculated to produce conviction in the sinner's heart, and convince him of the *justice* of God in condemning sin; while the wounded soul was directed to the healing streams of Calvary.

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CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

From the Baltimore American, of August 26.

INSURRECTION IN VIRGINIA.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman to his friend in Baltimore, dated Richmond, August 23d.

An express reached the governor this morning, informing him that an insurrection had broken out in Southampton, and that, by the last accounts, there were seventy whites massacred and the militia retreating. Another express to Petersburg, says that the blacks were continuing their destruction; that three hundred militia were retreating in a body, before six or eight hundred blacks. A shower of rain coming up as the militia were making an attack, wet the powder so much that they were compelled to retreat, being armed only with shot-guns. The negroes are armed with muskets, scythes, axes, &c. Our volunteers are marching to the scene of action. A troop of cavalry left at four o'clock P. M. The artillery with four field pieces start in the steam boat Norfolk, at six o'clock to land at Smithfield. Southampton county lies 80 miles south of us below Petersburg."

From the Richmond Whig, of August 23d.

Disagreeable rumors having reached this city, of an insurrection of the slaves in Southampton County, with loss of life, in order to correct exaggerated reports, we state the following particulars:

An express from the Hon. James Trexvant states that an insurrection had broken out, that several families had been murdered, and that the negroes were employed, requiring considerable military force to reduce them.

The names and precise numbers of the families are not mentioned. A letter to the Post Master corroborates the intelligence. Prompt and efficient measures are being taken by the Governor, to call out a sufficient force to put down the insurrection, and place lower Virginia on its guard.

Serious danger, of course, there is none. The deluded wretches have rushed on assured destruction.

The Fayette Artillery and the Light Dragoons will leave here this evening for Southampton—the Artillery go in a steamboat, and the Dragoons by land.

We are indebted to the kindness of our friend Lyford for the following extract of a letter from the Norfolk Herald, containing the particulars of a most murderous insurrection among the blacks of Southampton County, Virginia.—*Guardian*.

NORFOLK, 24th August, 1831.

I have a horrible, a heart-rending tale to relate, and lest even its worst features might be distorted by rumor and exaggeration, I have thought it proper to give you all and the worst information, that has yet reached us through the best sources of intelligence which the nature of the case will admit.

A gentleman arrived here yesterday express from Suffolk with intelligence from the upper part of Southampton county stating that a band of insurgent slaves, (some of them believed to be runaways from the neighboring Swamps,) had turned out on Sunday night last, and murdered several whole families, amounting to forty eight or fifty individuals. Some of the families were named, and among them was that of Mrs. Catharine Whitehead, sister of our worthy townsmen, Dr. N. C. Whitehead,—who with her son and five daughters fell a sacrifice to the savage fury of these demons in human shape.

The insurrection was represented as one of a most alarming character, though it is believed to have originated only in a design to plunder, and not to a more important object—as Mrs. Whitehead being a wealthy lady was supposed to have had a large sum of money in her house. Unfortunately a large number of the effective male population was absent at Camping in Gates county, some miles off, a circumstance which gave a temporary security to the brigands in the perpetration of their butcheries; and the panic which they struck at the moment prevented the assembling of a force sufficient to check their career.

As soon as this intelligence was received, our authorities met, and decided on making immediate application to Colonel House, commanding at Fort Monroe, who at six o'clock this morning, embarked on board the steamboat Hampton, with three companies and a piece of artillery for Suffolk. These troops were re-inforced in the Roads by detachments from the United States ships Warren and Natchez, the whole amounting to nearly three hundred men.

To-day another express arrived from Suffolk, confirming the disastrous news of the preceding one, and adding still more to the number of the slain. The insurgents are believed to have from one hundred to one hundred and fifty mounted men, and about the same number on foot. They are armed with fowling pieces, clubs, &c. and have had a encounter with a small number of the militia, who killed six and took eight of them prisoners. They are said to be on their way to South Quay, probably making their way for the Dismal Swamp, in which they will be able to remain for a short time in security. For my part, I have no fears of their being much further mischief. There is very little disaffection in the slaves generally, and they cannot muster a force sufficient to effect any object of importance. The few who have thus rushed headlong into the arena, will be shot down like crows or captured and made examples of. The militia are collecting in all the neighboring counties, and the utmost vigilance prevails. I subjoin a list of the names of their savage vengeance.

Mrs. Waters and family, - - - - - 14
Mrs. Whitehead, - - - - - 7
Mrs. Vaughan, - - - - - 5
Jacob Williams, - - - - - 5
Mr. Travis, - - - - - 5
Wm. Reese, - - - - - 4
Mr. Williams, - - - - - 3
Mr. Baines, - - - - - 2
Mrs. Turner, - - - - - 3
Unknown, - - - - - 10

Besides these a private letter adds the families of Mr. Barrow and Mr. Henry Bryant—numbers not mentioned.

Muskets, pistols, swords and ammunition have been forwarded to Suffolk to-day, by Commodore Warrington, at the request of our civil authorities, and a number of our citizens have accoutred and armed themselves as a troop of cavalry, and set off to assist their fellow citizens in Southampton. I trust the next news you hear will be that all is quiet again.

In haste, yours.

Southampton is bounded by the counties of Isle-of-Wight on the North, and Northampton, in North Carolina, in the South.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The Norfolk Beacon of Saturday, contains the following information relative to an apprehended rising of the blacks in North Carolina. Extract of a letter received by Friday evening's mail, dated

Halifax, N. C. Aug. 24, 1831.

"I want you to send me per first boat, 2 kegs

gunpowder.

"The negroes here have risen against the white people, and the whole country is in an uproar. We have to keep guard night and day. We have had to battle yet, but it is expected every hour.

HERALD OFFICE.

Norfolk, 29 Aug.—6 p.m.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Some of our citizens of the guard who left here last Wednesday, have returned. They represent the disturbed section as

entirely tranquil, the militia and patrols having secured every foot of it, and apprehended every black going at large who submitted, and shot all who fled, and could not be taken alive. A large number of prisoners have been taken, many of whom, however, it may be, were unconnected with the outrages. We have just received letters from Winton and Murfreesborough, (N. C.) detailing some further particulars of these unpleasant transactions. Our friend in Winton says, "The number of victims is reduced to 55: many heretofore supposed to be murdered, were secreted in the woods, and have been searched up.

The Richmond, (Va.) Whig, of Thursday last, says: On Sunday night, and Monday morning last, there fell in this city and the country around, the greatest rain remembered for half a century. In King William, &c. immense damage has been sustained. There was a general sweep of mill dams—some, we understand, which have withstood the floods for a hundred years. Fences, out-houses, and stacks, were borne off in many cases.

From the Richmond Whig, of August 23d.

It is stated by the National Intelligencer, on the authority of a gentleman who has lately visited Mr. Madison, at his seat in Orange co., Virginia, that he enjoys excellent health. He is above eighty years of age. His mother, it is mentioned, lived to nearly one hundred.

Dreadful Shipwreck.—The ship Lady Sherbrooke, Captain Chambers, from London for Quebec, with twenty eight passengers, and a crew of fifteen men, was lost on the night of July 19, near Cape Ray, Newfoundland. About midnight rocks were discovered to the leeward, and an attempt made to tack, but the wind was so light and ground swell so great that it could not be accomplished, and in less than ten minutes after she struck, she was completely broken up. Only 27 of the passengers, (6 of them females,) and the captain, mate, and three men, were saved, who received assistance twelve hours afterwards, from fishermen. Her boats were all swamped in attempting to land, and those in them perished. The survivors were taken from a

boat by the crew of a small boat, and those who were not yet recovered were taken from the rocks.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer August 25.

Many accidents must have been occasioned on Tuesday evening, during the storm. Several persons in the lower part of the city were struck by lightning. One young lady was stunned so much that she did not recover for near an hour. A flash struck the brig Fisher in the Delaware, near the mouth of the Schuylkill, killed the Captain, Mr. McFarland, and hurt two men. In the Jersey woods, about two miles north-east of Cooper's Ferry, a tree was struck and set on fire. During the rain, the common sewer under Dock street, crossing Walnut street, gave way, just after a pair of horses and a carriage had passed over. The carriage merely escaped. The vacuity created was some ten or fifteen feet long. We hear for some days to come, of barns being destroyed, cattle struck to death, and other accidents. The thunder was very loud, and the lightning, at times, terrific. A physician informed us yesterday, that cold water applied to a body where it is suspended by lightings, is the best restorative.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, August 22.—*Shocking Outrage.*—On Saturday evening between 9 and 10 o'clock, a young man by the name of Ira Julius, (who was in company with others) took a melon from the store of the Messrs. Zuggs, who keep a grocery on Main at the corner of 5th street. Mr. Frederick Zugg saw him take the melon, and pursued him; he threw down the melon, drew a pistol and shot Mr. Zugg, the wealthy lady was supposed to have had a large sum of money in her house. Unfortunately a large number of the effective male population was absent at Camping in Gates county, some miles off, a circumstance which gave a temporary security to the brigands in the perpetration of their butcheries; and the panic which they struck at the moment prevented the assembling of a force sufficient to check their career.

It is stated in the Pottsville Advocate, that a duel

was fought between two citizens of that place on Friday last. One of the parties received a bullet through his hat, and has since been concealed, being under the impression that he had killed his antagonist, who from the badinage of the editors, appears to have been more frightened than hurt.

On the 2d instant near Athens, Alabama, a

contretemps took place between Thomas Ponders and Archibald Thurman, in which the latter received three or four stabs in different places, and died almost instantly. Both have families. Ponders is an elderly man—Thurman was about 30 years of age.

It is stated in the Taunton Reporter that the driver

of an omnibus, and decided on making immediate application to Colonel House, commanding at Fort Monroe, who at six o'clock this morning, embarked on board the steamboat Hampton, with three companies and a piece of artillery for Suffolk. These troops were re-inforced in the Roads by detachments from the United States ships Warren and Natchez, the whole amounting to nearly three hundred men.

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confirming the disastrous news of the preceding one, and adding still more to the number of the slain. The insurgents are believed to have from one hundred to one hundred and fifty mounted men, and about the same number on foot. They are armed with fowling pieces, clubs, &c. and have had a encounter with a small number of the militia, who killed six and took eight of them prisoners. They are said to be on their way to South Quay, probably making their way for the Dismal Swamp, in which they will be able to remain for a short time in security. For my part, I have no fears of their being much further mischief. There is very little disaffection in the slaves generally, and they cannot muster a force sufficient to effect any object of importance. The few who have thus rushed headlong into the arena, will be shot down like crows or captured and made examples of. The militia are collecting in all the neighboring counties, and the utmost vigilance prevails. I subjoin a list of the names of their savage vengeance.

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OHIO CANAL.—On Tuesday the water was

admitted into the canal from the Walnut creek feeder, eight miles north of Circleville, and on Wednesday morning the whole line between the points were copiously supplied. We learn from Mr. Kelly, the acting commissioner, that all the jobs between this place and the Licking summit are in such a state of forwardness, as to afford a reasonable promise that boats may pass from Cleveland here, in four or five weeks: and it is confidently anticipated, that, in the course of the coming autumn, navigation may be extended southward to Chillicothe. From Chillicothe to the Ohio River, the jobs are in advanced stages of progress, affording the cheering prospect that one more season will witness the successful consummation of this splendid enterprise which will afford the means of an internal water communication between the majestic Mississippi in the south, and the great St. Lawrence of the north from New-Orleans to Quebec! And this stupendous work will have been accomplished by the singular energies of two individual states—a flattering commentary upon our free institutions, and the irresistible enterprise of our yeomanry.—*Circleville Herald.*

mated at upwards of eighty five thousand dollars.—*New-England Farmer.*

Instinct of a Bird.—The following was related to us by a gentleman in whom we can place the utmost reliance. We have frequently marked with wonder and admiration the traits of affection displayed by the American Mocking bird towards its young, her untiring efforts to teach them to sing notes scarcely rivalled by any other species of the feathered songsters, and her fond attention when they are engaged by persons who have stolen them from the nest. Yet, there is something novel in the following trait of affection.

A gentleman, the front of whose house was shaded by trees, used every day to watch the actions of a small bird, whose nest he could distinguish among the foliage of a projecting branch. The young birds in the process of time fledged their wings, and flew from branch to branch in imitation of their parent, until they left the tree and winged their flight to the air. The mother frequently followed them in their flight, but generally remained near the tree, and endeavored by every means to entice them back, but the young triumps having found the use of their pinions, soon left her, and nothing more was heard of them. What most surprised the gentleman was that the mother should still inhabit the tree, frequently alighting on the ground and picking up worms or crumbs, which she bore to the nest. Day after day passed and still her occupation was the same, and she seldom if ever went out of sight of the tree. At length curiosity prompted the gentleman to ascertain the cause of such strange conduct on the part of the bird. He accordingly had the nest taken down—it contained a bird fully feathered, which in vain essayed to fly from the place of its birth. On closer examination it was found that the leg of the little prisoner was closely entangled in some horse hair which lined the interior of the nest. When freed it was unable to fly, though its wings were perfectly fledged.—*Balt. American.*

MIXTURE OF SPERM & WHALE OILS.—

It is said that the practice of mixing the whale and sperm oils has become common, and it is said that honest traders feel justified to their consciences for mixing, because they do it in self defense. We were shown an instrument yesterday, which will enable one to detect a mixture, and to ascertain the relative proportions of whale and sperm oil. It was purchased in Philadelphia, and as we could not learn what it had any name, we shall call it an oculometer or oil gauge. It is constructed on the principle that the oils are of different specific gravity, and is a glass instrument, with a bulb at the lower end, and a graduate scale, rising in the manner of a shaft from the bulb. The bulb is immersed in the liquid, and sinks a certain number of degrees, according to the proportion of sperm and whale oil respectively; when the instrument is sunk, so that the surface of the liquid is at 29.1-2 degrees on the scale, it denotes that the liquid is pure sperm oil, at 25, that is one fourth whale oil, at 22 pure whale oil, at 24 that one fourth is sperm. This is a simple and cheap instrument, and is admirably adapted for the protection of purchasers.—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

From the Charleston Gazette.

NATIVE SILK WORMS.—By a letter from Jalapa, to the Board of Directors of National Industry, Mexico, we learn that the quantity of wild Silk produced by the immense forests in that state, is truly astonishing. The worms which produce it are fed on the leaves of the guayabo, an evergreen with small leaves, or on those of Oak; but the finest Silk is that of worms which feed on the former.

These worms are said to be those which a Chinese author describes by the name of Tsoen-Kyeu or Tyan Kyeen, which are raised in that country, and with this Silk they make the stuff which they call Kyea Cheu, which is a handsome drapery, and so exceedingly esteemed by Chinese epicures. But while the rich fare thus sumptuously, the mass of the poor subsist on the veriest garbage. The heads of fowls, their entrails, their feet, with every scrap of digested animal matter—earth-worms, sea-creepers of all kinds, rats, and other vermin are greedily devoured. We have noticed lots of black frogs, in half dozens, tied together, exposed for sale, in shallow troughs of water. We have seen a hundred quarters of a horse hung up in a butcher's shop, with the recommends of the whole leg attached. A lodger in our hotel complains that his bed-room being over the kitchen, he is grievously annoyed in the morning by the noises of dogs and cats, which are slaughtered below for the day's consumption—but not at our table. Not a bono nor a green leaf is ever seen in the streets; some use of another is found for every thing that would be refuse elsewhere.—*Beaufort's Voyage.*

The natives of this State gather that Silk in the month of March; they take off the large bags with which the cocoons are covered, leaving them exposed to the air during four days, after separating from the tree branches which contain them, left there by the skin of the silk worms, and after cleaning them, they spin the silk and make girdles there with of the finest sample, which last fifteen or twenty years in daily use; the strength of these girdles are such, that one having been tied to the horns of a wild bull, resisted his efforts for more than twenty-four hours, which was thought a sufficient trial.

They make here no other use of this beautiful Silk, and no pains have been yet taken to bleach it, before or after it is manufactured. The Silk is gathered in this state by the Mixto Indians, who come down in the month above mentioned, and also cut off the honey combs from the wild bee hives, and collect in abundance the honey and wax which they produce.

In the vicinity of Jalapa, the trees begin to be covered with that valuable silk, and in the districts of Cosamalapan, Alvarado, and Acoyucan, and in short in all the finest forests of Mexico, in which are found the trees above mentioned, it is produced in great abundance.

The worms here for their enemies, certain birds of the size of a tame pigeon, of a gray color, known by the name of Pepe, because its whistling intimates the sound of the word; they seat themselves on the branches where the bags are hanging, peck at and pierce them, and devour the useful little insects.

These worms begin their work at nine o'clock at night—then they come out of their bags

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

POETRY.

From the Churchman.

HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH, COME YE TO THE WATERS.—*Isaiah* iv. 1.

Wanderer, in a weary land,
Fainting 'neath the sunny ray,
Seek the fountain near at hand,
Toil no longer on thy way :
Here are waters running o'er,
Drink of them and thirst no more.

Pleasure's votary, thirsting still
For delight unmixed with pain :
Seeking yet some little rill,
Where thou mayst refresh again :
See the fountain running o'er,
Drink its waters—thirst no more.

Mourner, in this vale of tears,
Thirsting after perfect peace ;
Looking on to future years,
Dark and desolate as these :
Here's a fountain running o'er,
Drink its waters—thirst no more.

Parent, watching o'er thy child,
Giving every earthly thing ;
Lost in wishes vain and wild,
To this foun'ry children bring :
And of waters running o'er,
Let them drink and thirst no more.

Rosy youth and hoary age,
Journeying in this world of strife ?
Youth and maiden, child and sage,
Freely drink the stream of life :
Here are waters running o'er,
Drink of them and thirst no more.

M.

of respectable family, of highly cultivated mind and manners. He had a finished education, was not only master of the languages and deeply read in the arts and sciences, but possessed all the minor accomplishments of the gentleman; colloquial powers in an eminent degree, and music and drawing in great perfection.—Many years of his life had been spent in traveling. He had visited Egypt, and Palestine, had travelled through Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France, and had resided for considerable periods of time in Rome, Naples, and Paris. While at the Falls, business brought him in contact with some of the inhabitants; with a few of these he would sometimes be sociable—to all others he was distant and reserved. At such times, his conversation would be of the most interesting kind, and his descriptions of people and countries were highly glowing and animated. But at times even with these he would hold no conversation, but communicated his wishes on a slate, and would request that nothing might be said to him.—Sometimes for three or four months together he would go unshaved, often with no covering on his head, his body enveloped in a blanket, shunning all and seeking the deepest solitude of Iris Island. He composed much, and generally in Latin; but destroyed his compositions as fast almost as he produced them. When his little cot was examined, hopes were entertained that some manuscript or memorial might be found of his own composition, but he had left nothing of the kind. His faithful dog guarded his door, and was with difficulty persuaded aside while it was opened. His cat occupied the place appropriated as his bed. His guitar, his violin and flutes, and music books, were scattered around in confusion. There was a portfolio, and the leaves of a large book; but not a word, not even his name was written in any of them.

Many spots on the Iris Island are consecrated to the memory of Francis Abbot. On the upper end of the Island he had established his walk; and at one place it has become hard trod and well beaten, like that on which a sentinel performs his tour of duty. Between Iris Island and Moss Isle there is embowered in seclusion and shade, one of the most charming waterfalls or cascades imaginable. This was his favorite retreat for bathing. Here he resorted at all seasons of the year. In the coldest weather, even when there was snow on the ground and ice in the water, he continued to bathe in the Niagara.

At the lower extremity of the island is a bridge leading to what is called the Terapin rocks; from this bridge extends a single piece of timber some twelve or fifteen feet over the precipice. On this bridge it was his daily practice to walk; with a quick step he would pass the bridge, advance on the timber to the extreme point, turn quickly on his heel and walk back; and continue thus to walk for hours together. Sometimes he would let himself down at the end of the timber, and hang under it by his hands and feet over the terrific precipice for fifteen minutes at a time. To the inquiry why he would thus expose himself, he would reply, that in crossing the ocean he had frequently seen the sea-boys perform far more perilous acts, and as he should probably again pass the sea himself, he wished to insure himself to such dangers. If the nerves of others were disturbed, his were not. In the wildest hours of the night he was often found walking alone and fearless in the most dangerous places near the falls; and at such times he would shun approach, as if he had a dread of man. He had a stipend allowed him of about \$5 a week. He always attended to the state of his accounts very carefully; was economical in the expenditure of money for his own immediate use; and was generous in paying for all favors and services, never receiving any thing without making immediate payment. He had a deep and abiding sense of religious duty and decorum; was mild in his behavior, and inoffensive in his conduct. Religion was a subject he well understood and highly appreciated. The charity he asked from others, he extended to all mankind. What, it will be asked, could have broken up and destroyed such a mind as Francis Abbot's? What could have driven him from the society he was so well qualified to adorn—and what transform him, noble in person and intellect, into an isolated anchorite, shunning the association of his fellow men? The history of his misfortunes is not known, and the cause of his unhappiness and seclusion, will undoubtedly, to us, be ever a mystery. He was about twenty-eight years of age at the time of his death. He was perfectly infatuated with the scenery of the Falls, and expressed himself in ecstasies with the romantic retreats of Iris Island.

CINCINNATI.

Did we judge and speak of cities as we do of persons, I should say Cincinnati was monstrous large of its age. Only forty years ago, the wolves were prowling here among the giant trees, and now we boast of thirty thousand souls. We have doubled numbers within seven years, and are at this moment increasing faster than ever. In twelve years we shall rival Boston, unless Boston quickens its pace. The fact is, three years make a generation, not in the course of nature, but of unparalleled emigration. Not a twelfth part of our population was born here. We are congregated together from every line of latitude and longitude under the whole heavens. I have seen every sort of people except Turks, crowding our streets. Turks would not like Cincinnati, because we are always too much in a hurry to suit their gravity. It is quite a rarity to see a man sauntering or standing still. We do not hastily when we meet each other, and pass on about our business. I have sought often for a lounging place, where loafers assemble, but never could find one. You would suppose, to see our bustling, that we had been forewarned that we had not six hours to live, and were yet to begin the settlement of our worldly affairs.—Even the drones who are driven out from the human hive of the East become active from sheer imitation. Indolence is grossly unfashionable.

On Friday, the 10th of June last, he went twice to the river to bathe, and was seen to go the third time; at that time the ferryman saw him in the water. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon; the ferryman did not see him return, and his clothes were observed where he had deposited them. An examination was immediately made, but his body could not be discovered. On the 21st it was taken up at Fort Niagara, and the next day it was removed to, and interred decently at the burial ground at Niagara Falls.

Thus has terminated the career of the unfortunate Francis Abbot,—little indeed known to those near whom he has spent the last two years of his life. Some few gleanings can alone be given. He was an English gentleman,

Those who have nothing to do, put on the air of business, to avoid being singular.

The laying out of our city resembles Philadelphia, of course it is very regular. Like Philadelphia, too, we are supplied with water from a reservoir above the city, for which we have the satisfaction of paying well. But, unlike Philadelphia, and every other Christian city, our streets are not lighted in the night. Every citizen, who ventures abroad, when the moon is absent, carries his own lantern, or runs the risk of breaking his neck. It is a curious sight in a dark evening, to see the lights hurrying in all directions, passing, repassing, and flitting to and fro, as if dancing at a masquerade of genii.—But this precaution is absolutely necessary to the lovers of sound limbs, for there is not a square in the city, where new buildings are not going up, and obstructing the sidewalks with lumber. Why the city government have not thought fit to light the streets, I cannot say. The reason said is, that they would be assigned by an ebony gentleman, is, that thieves would be able to see their way into people's houses.

I possess one title of Scott's talent for description, I would give you such a picture of the site and scenery of Cincinnati, as should make you envy my eyes their perpetual feast. Verily, nature performed her *chef d'œuvre*, when she scooped out this amphitheatre, and embosomed it within this circuit of hills. There they rise, covered with the most luxuriant verdure and foliage; and there they will ever stand as faithful sentinels, to guard us from the blast in all directions. One might almost imagine the Ohio herself, felt the beauty of the paradise through which she flows; for she curves majestically round the spot, as if reluctant to resume her march to the gulf. Imagine the fair village of Northampton in Massachusetts, grown up to a populous city, and placed directly on the banks of the Connecticut, and you will have a better idea of the situation of Cincinnati, than I can give you by mere words. But then you must remember that our celestial canopy wears a much deeper blue, and surrounding vegetation is incomparably more vigorous, than your climate can furnish. It is almost worth a journey over the Alleghanies, to see the enormous magnitude of the trees in this neighborhood. Even the grape vines, that clasp and interlace them, are of the size of a dozen cables. Every thing, in short, deepens the impression that nature wrought here upon a magnificent scale.

On any common calculation of chances, ten, twenty, or thirty years ago, nothing like our condition this moment could have been predicted. Probabilities were altogether against it. History and experience could furnish no data for such vaccination. Had the enterprising founder, John Cleves Symmes, in 1800, eleven years after he selected this for the site of a town, ventured, in the fervor of his zeal, to prophecy that, in 1831, a population half as large as Boston, would here find all the substantial comforts and accommodations, together with most of the elegancies of a complete and finished city, he would have been answered with the sneer of incredulity, and his prophecy would have passed for the raving of an over-heated imagination. Nevertheless here the city stands, or rather moves, all of that and soon to be more. I say this is a marvel in political economy. And remember it has passed through hard struggles. Perhaps no one himself, but he who should remain a few days at the Falls. He conversed with him on various subjects, and his language was delivered with great ease and ability. The next day he returned to the same person, ex parte largely upon the beautiful scenery of the Falls—the grand views of the cascades and cataracts, and of that most sublime spectacle, the Falls themselves. In all his travels, he said, he had never met with any thing that would compare with it, for sublimity, except Mount Aetna during an eruption. He said he should remain at least a week; observing that as well might a traveller in two days examine in detail the various museums and curiosities of Paris, as to become acquainted with the splendid scenery of Niagara in the same space of time. He was informed that visitors at the Falls frequently remained but a day or two; and he expressed his astonishment that they should be so little interested in the grand and beautiful works of nature, as to spend only so short a period.

In a few days he called again, and again ex parte upon the beauties of the Falls, and said he had concluded to remain a month at least and perhaps six months. In a short time after this, he determined to fix his abode upon Goat or Iris Island, and was desirous of erecting a rustic hut, for the purpose of abstracting himself from all society, and becoming a solitary hermit. The proprietor of the Island did not think proper to grant the privilege of erecting a building for such a use; but permitted him to occupy a small room in the only house on the island. In the house there lived a family, who furnished him occasionally with bread and milk. But he generally dispensed with these, providing himself with other articles, and always doing his own cooking. This was his permanent residence for about twenty months. Last winter the family removed, and to those few persons with whom he held any communication, he expressed his great satisfaction of having it in his power to live alone. For some months he seemed to enjoy himself very much, until another family entered the house. He then concluded to erect a cottage of his own, and as he could not do it on the island he determined to build it on the main shore. It yet stands about thirty rods from the main fall, on the bank of the river. He occupied it about two months.

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printing-press did the work more neatly and more correctly than the writer, and did it infinitely cheaper. What then? The writers of books had to turn their hands to some other trade, it is true; but type-founders, paper-makers, printers, and book-binders, were set to work by the new art or machine, to at least a hundred times greater number of persons than the old way of making books employed. If the pen-and-ink copiers could break the printing-presses, and melt down the types that are used in London alone at the present day, twenty thousand people would, at least, be thrown out of employment to make room for two hundred at the utmost, and what would be even worse than all this misery, books could only be purchased, as before the invention of printing, by the few rich, instead of being the guides, and comforters, and the best friends of the millions who are now within the reach of the benefits and enjoyments which they bestow.

The cheapness of production is the great point to which we shall call your attention, as we give you other examples of the good of machinery. In the case of books produced by the printing-press, you have a cheap article, and an increased number of persons engaged in manufacturing that article. In almost all trades, the introduction of machines has, sooner or later, the like effects. This we shall show you as we go on. But to make the matter even more clear, we shall direct your notice to the very book you hold in your hand, to complete our illustration of the advantages of machinery to the consumer, that is, to the person who wants and buys the articles consumed, as well as to the producer, or the person who manufactures the article produced.

This little book is intended to consist of 216 pages, to be printed eighteen on a side, upon six sheets of printing paper, called by the makers, demy. These six sheets of demy, at the price charged in the shops, would cost four pence. If the same number of words were written, instead of being printed—that is, if the closeness and regularity of printing were superseded by the looseness and unevenness of writing,—they would cover 200 pages, or 50 sheets of the paper called foolscap, which would cost in the shops three shillings; and you would have a book difficult instead of easy to read, because writing is much harder to decipher than print. Here, then, besides the superiority of the workmanship, is at once a saving of two shillings and eight pence to the consumer, by the invention of printing, all other things being equal. But the great saving is to come. Work as hard as he could, a writer could not transcribe this little book upon these 200 pages of foolscap in less than ten days; and would think himself very ill paid to receive thirty shillings for the operation. Adding, therefore, a profit for the publisher and retail tradesman, a single written copy of this little book, which you buy for a shilling, could not be produced for two pounds. Is it not perfectly clear, then, if there were no printing press, if the art of printing did not exist, that if we found purchasers at all for this dear book at the cost of two pounds, we should only sell, at the utmost, a fortieth part of what we now sell, even if there were the same quantity of book-buying funds amongst the few purchasers as among the many, two hundred and fifty copies; and that, therefore, although we might employ two hundred and fifty writers for a week, instead of about twenty printers in the same period, we should have forty times less employment for paper-makers, ink-makers, book-binders, and many other persons, besides the printers themselves, who are called into activity by the large demand which follows cheapness of production.

You will perceive, without having the subject dwelt upon, that if we could not give you this book cheaply, we could not give it you extensively; that in fact, the book would be useless; that it would be a mere curiosity; that we should not attempt to multiply any copies, because those whose use it was intended for could not buy it. It is also perfectly clear, that if, by any unnatural reduction of the wages of labor, such as happens to the Hindoo, who works at weaving muslin for about sixpence a week, we could get copiers to produce the book as cheaply as the printing press, (which is impossible,) we could not send it to the world as quickly. We can get ten thousand copies of this book printed in a week, by the aid of about twelve compositors, and two printing machines, each machine requiring two boys and a man for its guidance. To transcribe ten thousand copies in the same time, would require more than ten thousand penmen. Is it not perfectly evident, therefore, that if printing, which is a cheap and rapid process, were once again superseded by writing, which is an expensive and slow operation, neither this book, nor any other book could be produced for the use of the people; that knowledge, upon which every hope of bettering your condition must ultimately rest, would again become the property of a very few; and that mankind would lose the greater part of that power, which has made, and is making them truly independent, and which will make them virtuous and happy?

Anecdote of Dr. Watts.—As he was standing one day in a coffee house, he observed a gentleman looking very steadily at him, and presently heard him say to his friend—“That is Dr. Watts.” “Is it?” replied the other; “then he is a very little fellow!”—On which Dr. Watts turned to them and said—

“Were I so tall to reach the sky,
And grasp the ocean with a span,
I would be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man.”

Conduct of a Wise Man.—A wise man, says Lord Bacon, “will desire no more than what he can get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.”

Covetousness is of somnolent a nature, that one may have the poison of *riches* in the midst of poverty: *grace* is so powerful, that one may have the blessing of *poverty* in the midst of riches.—*Quesnel.*

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